

Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow  
What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compasse,  
Because she will admit no kinde of suite,  
No, not the Dukes.

Vio. There is a faire behaviour in thee Captaine,  
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close in pollution: yet of thee  
I will beleue thou hast a minde that suites  
With this thy faire and outward charrafter.  
I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteously)  
Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,  
For such disguise as haply shall become  
The forme of my intent. Ile serue this Duke,  
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,  
It may be worth thy paines: for I can sing,  
And speake to him in many sorts of Musicke,  
That will allow me very worth his seruice.  
What else may hap, to time I will commit,  
Onely shape thou thy silence to my wit.  
Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile bee,  
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.  
Vio. I thanke thee: Lead me on. *Exeunt*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.*

Sir To. What a plague meanes my Neece to take the  
death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to  
life.

Mar. By my troth sir Toby, you must come in earlier  
a nights: your Cousin, my Lady, takes great exceptions  
to your ill houres.

To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Ma. I, but you must confine your selfe within the  
modest limits of order.

To. Confine? Ile confine my selfe no finer then I am:  
these cloathes are good enough to drinke in, and so bee  
these boots too: and they be not, let them hang them-  
selues in their owne straps.

Ma. That quaffing and drinking will vndoe you: I  
heard my Lady talke of it yesterday: and of a foolish  
knight that you brought in one night here, to be his waer  
To. Who, Sir Andrew Ague-cheeke?

Ma. I he.

To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Ma. What's that to th' purpose?

To. Why he ha's three thousand ducates a yeare.

Ma. I, but hee'l haue but a yeare in all these ducates:  
He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

To. Fie, that you'l say so: he playes o'th Viol-de-ga-  
boys, and speaks three or four languages word for word  
without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

Ma. He hath indeed, almost naturall: for besides that  
he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and but that hee hath  
the gift of a Coward, to allay the gust he hath in quarrel-  
ling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly  
haue the gift of a graue.

Tob. By this hand they are scoundrels and substra-  
tors that say so of him. Who are they?

Ma. They that adde more cour, hee's drunke nightly  
in your company.

To. With drinking healths to my Neece: Ile drinke

to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, & drinke  
in Illyria: he's a Coward and a Coystrill that will not  
drinke to my Neece. till his braines turne o'th toe, like a  
parish top. What wench? *Castilano vulgo: for here comes*  
*Sir Andrew Agueface.*

*Enter Sir Andrew.*

And. Sir Toby Belch. How now sir Toby Belch?

To. Sweet sir Andrew.

And. Blesse you faire Shrew.

Mar. And you too sir.

Tob. Accost Sir Andrew, accost.

And. What's that?

To. My Neece's Chamber-maid.

And. Good Mistris accost, I desire better acquaintance  
Ma. My name is Mary sir.

And. Good mistris Mary, accost.

To. You mistake knight: Accost, is front her, boord  
her, woo her, assaile her.

And. By my troth I would not vndertake her in this  
company. Is that the meaning of Accost?

Ma. Far you well Gentlemen.

To. And thou let part to Sir Andrew, would thou  
mightst neuer draw sword agen.

And. And you part to mistris, I would I might neuer  
draw sword agen: Faire Lady, doe you thinke you haue  
fooles in hand?

Ma. Sir, I haue not you by'th hand.

And. Marry but you shall haue, and heeres my hand.

Ma. Now sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your  
hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.

And. Wherefore (sweet-heart?) What's your Meta-  
phor?

Ma. It's dry fir.

And. Why I thinke so: I am not such an asse, but I  
can keepe my hand dry. But what's your left?

Ma. A dry iell Sir.

And. Are you full of them?

Ma. I Sir, I haue them at my fingers ends: marry now  
I let go your hand, I am barren. *Exit Maria*

To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of Canarie: when did  
I see thee so put downe?

And. Neuer in your life I thinke, vnlesse you see Ca-  
narie put me downe: mee thinkes sometimes I haue no  
more wit then a Christian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I  
am a great eater of beefe, and I beleue that does harme  
to my wit.

To. No question.

And. And I thought that, I'de forswear it. Ile ride  
home to morrow sir Toby.

To. Pur-sue my deere knight?

And. What is pur-sue? Do, or nor do? I would I had  
bestowed that time in the tongues, that I haue in fencing,  
dancing, and beare-baying: O had I but followed the  
Arts.

To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of haire.

And. Why, would that haue mended my haire?

To. Past question, for thou seest it will not coole my

And. But it becoms we wel enough, dost not? (nature)

To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaffe: & I hope  
to see a hulwife take thee between her legs, & spin it off.

And. Faith Ile home to morrow sir Toby, your niece will  
not be seene, or if she be it's four to one, she'll none of me:

the Count himselfe here hard by, woos her.

To. Shee'l none o'th Count, she'l not match aboute his  
degree, neither in estate, yeares, nor wit: I haue heard her  
swear t. Tut there's life in't man. *And*

And. Ile stay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th  
strangest minde i'th world: I delight in Maskes and Re-  
uels sometime a together.

To. Art thou good at these kicke-chawfes Knight?

And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, vnder  
the degree of my betters, & yet I will not compare with  
an old man.

To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

To. And I can cut the Mutton too't.

And. And I thinke I haue the backe-tricke, simply as

strong as any man in Illyria.

To. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore haue  
these gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take  
dust, like mistris Mal's picture? Why dost thou not goe  
to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto?

My reue walke should be a Tigge: I would not so much  
as make water but in a Sinke-a-pace: What doest thou  
meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by  
the excellent constitution of thy legges, it was form'd vnder  
the starre of a Galliard.

And. I, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a  
dam'd colour'd stocke. Shall we sit about some Reuels?

To. What shall we do else: were we not borne vnder  
Taurus?

And. Taurus? That fides and heart.

To. No sir, it is leggs and thighes: let me see thee ca-  
per. Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent. *Exeunt*

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.*

Val. If the Duke continue these fauours towards you  
Cesario, you are like to be much aduanc'd, he hath known  
you but three dayes, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either feare his humour, or my negligence,  
that you call in question the continuance of his loue. Is  
he inconstant sir, in his fauours? *Val. No beleue me.*

*Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.*

Vio. I thinke you: heere comes the Count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario ho?

Vio. On your attendance my Lord heere.

Du. Stand you a while aloofe. Cesario,

Thou knowst no lesse, but all: I haue vnclasp'd

To thee the booke euen of my secret soule.

Therefore good youth, addresse thy gate vnto her,

Be not deny'd access, stand at her doores,

And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow

Till thou haue audience.

Vio. Sure my Noble Lord, I should haue said

If he be so abandon'd to her sorrow

As it is spoke, she neuer will admit me.

Du. Be clamorous, and leape all ciuill bounds,

Rather then make vnprofitable returne,

Vio. Say I do speake with her (my Lord) what then?

Du. O then, vnfold the passion of my loue,

It shall become thee well to act my woes:

She will attend it better in thy youth,

Then in a Nuntio's of more graue aspect.

Vio. I thinke not so, my Lord.

Du. Deere Lad, beleue it:

For they shall yet belye thy happy yeeres,  
That say thou art a man: *Dianas* lip  
Is not more smooth, and rubious: thy small pipe  
Is as the maidens organ, shrill, and sound,  
And all is semblatiue a womans part.  
I know thy constellation is right apt  
For this affayre: some foure or five attend him,  
All if you will: for I my selfe am best  
When least in companie: prosper well in this,  
And thou shalt liue as freely as thy Lord,  
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. Ile do my best

To wooe your Lady: yet a barrefull strife,  
Who ere I wooe, my selfe would be his wife. *Exeunt*

## Scena Quinta.

*Enter Maria, and Clowne.*

Ma. Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I will  
not open my lippes so wide as a bristle may enter, in way  
of thy excuse: my Lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Cl. Let her hang me: hee that is well hang'd in this  
world, needs to feare no colouris.

Ma. Make that good.

Cl. He shall see none to feare.

Ma. A good lenton answer: I can tell thee where y  
faying was borne, of I feare no colouris.

Cl. Where good mistris Mary?

Ma. In the wars, & that may you be bold to say in  
your foolerie.

Cl. Well, God giue them wisdom that haue it: &  
those that are fooles, let them vse their talents.

Ma. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent,  
or to be turn'd away: is not that as good as a hanging to  
you?

Cl. Many a good hanging, prevents a bad marriage:  
and for turning away, let lummer beare it out.

Ma. You are resolute then?

Cl. Not so neyther, but I am resolu'd on two points

Ma. That if one breake, the other will hold: or if both  
breake, your gaskins fall.

Cl. Apt in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if  
sir Toby would leaue drinking, thou wert as witty a piece  
of *Eues* flesh, as any in Illyria.

Ma. Peace you rogue, no more o'that: heere comes my  
Lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

*Enter Lady Olivia, with Maluolio.*

Cl. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling:  
thole wits that thinke they haue thee, doe very oft proue  
fooles: and I that am sure I lacke thee, may passe for a  
wise man. For what saies *Quinapalus*, Better a witty foole,  
then a foolish wit. God blesse thee Lady.

Ol. Take the foole away.

Cl. Do you not heare fellowes, take away the Ladie.

Ol. Go too, y're a dry foole: Ile no more of you: be-  
sides you grow dishonest.

Cl. Two faults Madona, that drinke & good counsell  
wil amend: for giue the dry foole drink, then is the foole  
not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend,  
he is no longer dishonest: if hee cannot, let the Botcher  
mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: vertu  
that transgresses, is but patcht with sinne, and sin that a-  
mends, is but patcht with vertue. If that this simple  
Silligisme will serue, so: if it will not, vwhat remedy?